AN

EPISTLE

To the Right Honourable

ROBERT WALPOLE, Esq;

Upon His MAJESTY's *Arrival.*

BRITISH MUSEUM

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UPON

His MAJESTY's ARRIVAL.

By Mr. *WITHERS*.

LONDON:

Printed for JACOB TONSON, at *Shakespear's-Head*, over-against *Katharine-Street* in the *Strand*. MDCCXXIII.

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To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

ROBERT WALPOLE, Eſq;

Upon His MAJESTY's *Arrival.*

WITH longing Arms, while grateful *Albion* ſtands,
To embrace her KING, return'd from foreign Lands;
(The KING; to whoſe auſpicious Reign, She owes
Increaſe of Glory, with a ſweet Repoſe)
Permit, great Man! this artleſs Song to wait
The Moments vacant from the Cares of State;
When Thou, from Buſineſs free, doſt, gaily, ſpend
The precious Leiſure, with ſome Patriot-Friend.

The Man, diſtinguiſh'd by peculiar Parts,
Refin'd by Studies; exercis'd in Arts,
That to the Welfare of the State belong;
Who knows to bridle the licentious Throng,
Credit to raiſe, and Publick Faith inſure,
Commerce extend, and Property ſecure;
(Invidious Labour!) He muſt ever bear,
Of ſore Fatigues, a more than equal Share.
Few are his Joys; except the Joys, that ſpring
From ſerving his lov'd Country, and his King.

Him, if to quiet Scenes, perchance, he tend,
And there, a while, his Thought intenſe unbend;
The Muſe ſhall viſit, in his ſoft Receſs;
Shall ſooth his Mind, and his Retirement bleſs:
The Heavenly Muſe! whoſe pow'rful Strains excite
The gen'rous Breaſt, and charm the Ear polite.

O, would She, kindly, deign my Soul to fire,
To tune my Numbers, and my Verſe inſpire;
While, all ambitious, I attempt to raiſe
A laſting Monument, to WALPOLE's Praiſe.

Nor

Nor can my Verſe the Bounds of Truth exceed;
Thy Fame is known, where none my Verſe can read
To fartheſt *Europe*, doſt Thou ſtand confeſt,
The Chief of Stateſmen, and of Patriots Beſt:
E'en, where deluding Prieſts miſlead Mankind,
And Superſtition over-awes the Mind;
The knowing Few thy Conduct muſt approve:
But dare not praiſe What they, in ſecret, love.

Juſtice and Freedom are thy conſtant View;
Juſtice and Freedom, ſtill, thy Thoughts purſue.
In Councils grave, thy Wiſdom All revere:
The Senate liſtens, with attentive Ear,
As thy perſuaſive Tongue aſſerts the Cauſe,
Of BRUNSWICK's ſacred Right, and *Britain's* Laws:
A Right, through Dangers, Thou didſt, once, eſpouſe;
And Laws, thy ſteady Soul, Year after Year, avows.

When factious Men combine, or Tumults riſe;
Thy active Vigilance, thy Counſels wiſe,
Defeat their Purpoſe, and the Nation ſave;
Sagacious, to detect; to puniſh, Brave.

Though,

Though, deep in Night, the ſubtile Complots lye,
Conceal'd, with Art, from ev'ry vulgar Eye;
Thou can'ſt their odious Colours all diſplay,
And blaſt the Treaſon, in the Face of Day.

Thus, when the inſidious Fiend, by Wiles, aſſay'd
The happy Lord of *Eden* to invade;
Lurking, he lay, involv'd in dark Diſguiſe;
Nor, in his hatefull Practice, fear'd Surpriſe.
Deluſion vain! No foul Deceit can bear
The proving Touch of bright *Ithuriel*'s Spear.
Up ſtarts the Arch-Traytor; on his grieſly Face,
The Marks impreſs'd, of Fury, and Diſgrace.
Him, cloſe examin'd, nor fallacious Tale,
Nor harden'd Front, nor haughty Mein, avail:
Truth ſeals his Doom; upward he turns his Eyes;
Beholds his mounted Scale, and, inly-murmuring, flies.

The gracious KING, to whom thy Worth is known,
Would have that Worth, to Times remoteſt, ſhown,
By pompous Titles; and, in Thee, would grace,
With Acquiſitions new, an ancient Race.

But;

But; of all Honours, Theſe affect thy Choice:
Thy Sovereign's Favour, and the People's Voice;
Amidſt the Friends of Liberty to ſtand,
And add freſh Luſtre to the glorious Band.

And yet, ſhalt Thou, to future Ages, ſhine,
The illuſtrious Parent of a noble Line.
The generous Youth, thy eldeſt darling Care,
The Nation's growing Hope, thy Virtue's Heir;
With inborn Probity, and Candour, grac'd;
By *GEORGE*, among the *Peers*, ſo early, plac'd,
Joining Debate, for *Britain*'s Peace, will ſhow,
To what fair *Britiſh* Stem the Branch we owe:
Whoſe Precepts, firſt, inform'd his tender Mind,
Model'd his Paſſions, and his Heart inclin'd.
And, as the Grave, and Wiſe, his Voice attend,
Admire his Judgment, and his Zeal commend;
Thou ſhalt, with Smiles, enjoy his riſing Fame,
And ev'ry Title, in a Father's Name.

Or, ſhould the Foes of Freedom, once again,
Diſplay their Banners, on the tented Plain;

Should reſtleſs Spirits, leagu'd in impious Arms,
Diſturb the peacefull Nations with Alarms,
In idle Hope to wreſt the Seas Command,
Or well-pois'd Ballance, from great BRUNSWICK's Hand:
Thy conſcious Son, with native Ardour fir'd,
And, with Reſentments great and juſt, inſpir'd,
Shall follow, emulous of hardy Deeds,
Where WALLIA's *Prince* the dreadfull Battle leads:
While *Britain*'s Sons the flying Troops purſue;
A *Blenheim*, or fam'd *Audenard*, in view.
Nor; though our CHURCHILL we did, late, deplore,
And mighty NASSAU is, long ſince, no more;
Shall Monarchs rule, with arbitrary Sway,
The ſecret Curſe of Thoſe, who muſt obey.

But, I intrude----- My Labour to reward,
Should You theſe Lays, with Aſpect kind, regard;
While I my fond Addreſs indulge, too long,
The Land may ſuffer, by my guilty Song.

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